TORRID WASHINGTON.

Evolution of Old Dignitarians Into Silk-Sash Dudes.

How Our Statesmen Stand the Heat—The Flannel Shirt Brigade — Baker, of Rochester, on Strike—Anti-Rumites Succumb to the Lemonade.

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Washington in July reminds you of Tophet. Both houses remain in session quarreling over the silver bills, tariff bills, and Federal election bills, and the minutiæ of legislation. Nothing is settled and every thing appears to be drifting out to sea. Members of both houses are wearing yachting shirts, white trousers, and silk sashes. They give both houses a picturesque appearance. Others wear the old fashioned flannel shirts, without discarding suspenders. Silver-haired Breckenridge of Kentucky is one of these gentry. With his watch-chain swinging from his pocket, his silk scarf and his *debonnair* air he is the admired of all admirers.

Some of the Congressmen stick to the boiled shirt with its glossy front. Maj. McKinley is one of these. He has discarded his waistcoat, however, and moves around the House with thumbs hanging upon his "galluses," a veritable Napoleon in undress uniform. Other members wear belts with nickel-

TOM REED'S "DUDE'S BELLY-BAND."

plated buckles. Blue and white seem to be the favorite colors, although Congressman Magner of Brooklyn has a belt that would have done credit to Blackbeard the pirate. Most wonderful of all, however, is the illustrious Speaker Reed. He stewed in the juices of June as long as he could stand it, and then went to the flannel shirt. His ample waist is encircled with a black silk sash. A Texas member on seeing it said: "Well, I'll be hanged. Look at Tom Reed wearing a dude belly-band."

When Speaker Reed heard of the remark he threw his head back and laughed long and heartily.

New England Representatives have been guessing and Southern Representatives reckoning how many yards it contains. Mr. Reed has not yet acquired the self-confidence which ought to accompany the wearing of a flannel shirt. His coat is drawn over his breast and fastened by the two upper buttons. It looks as though he was ashamed and as if he desired to hide as much of his shirt as possible.

Henry Cabot Lodge evidently got the Speaker into this snap. Lodge wears one of a dark blue color, and at times looks like a student fresh from a tennis court. The Speaker looks like an honest rutabaga wound in a black ribbon.

The most gorgeously arrayed of all the members of the House is Hon. Ashbel Parmalee Fitch. No silk or negligee shirts for him. His linen is as immaculate as the driven snow, Tophet or no Tophet. His collar and shirt bosom shine like waxed fruit, and his solitaire sparkles like Altaire. His low-cut shoes display elegant silk stockings. He roams over the floor like a thing of beauty and a joy forever, arrayed in white flannel, and sporting an exquisite scarf.

Some excitement was created the other day when General Robert Smalls, an ex-Congressman, of Beaufort, S. C., appeared upon the floor arrayed in a suit identical with that of Mr. Fitch. The General is full as portly as Mr. Fitch and has the same dignified air.

GEN. SMALL'S WHITE SUIT.

He has the advantage of Ashbel in one particular. His complexion sets off his snowy garments to perfection.

In striking contrast to these members are what might be termed the old "Dignitarians," such as Mr. Candler, of Massachusetts, Ezra Taylor, of Ohio, Judge Holman, of Indiana, and ex-Mayor Vaux, of Philadelphia. They are the Nicene fathers of dress in the House. The heat of this mundane sphere never disturbs their equanimity. They appear year after year wearing the old frock-coat, or an alapaca, and the old fashioned collars. Mr. Vaux leaves the top of his waistcoat unbuttoned. It is a black silk waistcoat, made picturesque by a huge old-fashioned watch-seal, which hangs over it. Judge Holman wears a white waistcoat. His example is followed by Ezra Taylor, Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, Mr. Mutchler, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Miles, of Connecticut. General Harry Bingham, of Pennsylvania, is a model of neatness. He wears a stiff shirt front and a four-in-hand white tie. They set him off charmingly, and make him appear cool and insonciant. Mr. Springer and Mr. Coggeshall dress themselves the same way.

There are old time boys who wear linen coats and resemble the Pendleton escort of 1868. Among them are General Maish, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Funston and Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, and Judge Stewart, of Vermont.

The hot weather will never drive such men as Mr. Peel, of Arkansas, Mr. Elliott, of South Carolina, General Ketchum, of New York, Mr. Kerr, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Adams, of Illinois, Judge Cothran, of South Carolina, and the Hon. Roswell P. Flower, of New York, into wearing negligee shirts. They stick to the old time costume and mop their brows every minute with old-time linen handkerchiefs.

Well may the House and the Senate rush to their flannels. The heat here has been most intense. Yet, with it all, there is no abatement in the number of office-seekers. They swarm like flies in a fish market. Pennsylvania avenue is undoubtedly as hot an avenue as can be found in the United States. The sun beats upon it every hour in the day. Its broad, concrete pavement retains the heat, and springs beneath the pressure of hot feet. A thermometer placed upon it at eleven o'clock at night recently registered 112 degrees.

The heat here, like the heat in New York, is a humid heat. It melts and then roasts a man. Marcus Aurelius Smith, the delegate from Arizona, and one of the flannel shirt brigade, says: "It's a heat that parboils and then roasts you. Out in Arizona it is hot, but not steaming hot. I can stand 110 degrees of that dry heat out there much easier than 90 degrees of this heat here."

The heat in Washington appears to overcome all physical and intellectual life and animation. Men drag themselves through the corridors of the Capitol as though impelled by no mental motive. Very few use fans. The physical exercise required to wave them is too much. Some members draw long breaths at regular intervals and utter the words: "Whew, but it's hot." Others stand in the doors and windows, with their coat-sleeves above their elbows, and their wristbands thrown back. As friends pass them they shake their heads and say nothing. They are in a state of lassitude and can not summon even enough energy to talk. Others like Gen. Spinola, Charles O'Neill and Asher G. Caruth remain at their desks, answering letters, blotted by the beads of perspiration which drop from their brows.

A good story is told of Hon. Charles S. Baker, of Rochester. He usually

THE DEMOCRAT'S LEMONADE.

walks up to the Capitol. One morning it was hotter than usual. When half way up the hill he gave out. He threw himself upon the sward beneath a magnificent tree and said: "There, blast you, breathe, if you want to. I shan't."

The Democrats have, in their cloak-room, a large cooler filled with lemonade. On extremely hot days the crowd surrounding this cooler reminds one of scenes around popular soda fountains on street corners. All eagerly quaff the cooling beverage. Some elevate their heads and pour down long tumblers of it without taking a breath. Others assume an attitude of dignity, and take it swallow by swallow. A few members sip it as though it was coffee, maintaining a lively conversation. All, however, seem to be refreshed by it. The cooler on hot days is refilled every hour. On one torrid day there was a greater crowd than usual around it. Everybody commented on the improved quality of the lemonade. Quite a number of artistic Republicans, hearing of its excellence, crossed over and treated themselves. Each smacked his lips and took a second glass. It was a long time before the secret of the excellence of the fluid was discovered.

Somebody—probably Asher G. Caruth—had surreptitiously emptied three quarts of old Kentucky whisky into the cooler. The horror of the Iowa, Kansas and Maine members was amusing. A few of them had partaken of the lemonade and had praised it in the highest terms. When they learned that they had been drinking whisky, their faces looked as though they had just received news of the destruction of their towns by tornadoes, or, worse still, of another original package decision.

Joe O'Neil, of Boston, was one of the unfortunates. Although an anti-prohibitionist, he had not touched a drop of whisky before for many years. He said that his whole inner man responded gallantly to the attack, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he brought it down to business again. Another unfortunate was Congressman Quinn, of New York. He was so unfortunate as not to get any.

The most enraged of all, however, were the anti-adulteration Representatives. They included both prohibitionists and free-liquor men. All were equally excited. The free-liquor men were angry because lemonade was mixed with the whisky, and the prohibitionists because whisky was mixed with the lemonade.

Speaker Reed appeared to be the most horrified of all. He said he did not wonder at the seduction of the Maine members, but he gasped for breath when told that members from Kansas and Iowa had fallen victims by the way-side. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

RECKLESS COAL BARONS.

They Do Not Take Trouble to Preserve Miners' Lives.

It is at once a reproach to the corporation and an evidence of the desperate needs of the millions who toil that every man engaged in mining feels that he takes his life in his hand when he embarks in the business for his daily bread. Indeed, when the conditions of mining and the bestowal of the miner are examined, it fairly looks as if improvidence and recklessness were deliberately inculcated upon the masses dedicated to the garnering of treasures of the earth. The hamlets housing the miner and his family are capriciously set in narrow gorges, which serve as waterways in seasons of flood, or if not in these death traps upon the thin crust or surface covering actual or arched out excavations.

Entire cities, like Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, are built upon thin crusts of rock and soil. When, as often happens, single houses, whole streets cave in there is little ado made over it. Life is lost, property destroyed; there are no words of reproach in the local press, no awakening of the great corporations to set about a new order of things. A mere glimpse at the fabrication and construction of the mountain railways, the hillside breakers, the subterranean galleries impresses this upon the observer. Everything is put together for the single object of producing the coal at as small a cost as possible. Little or nothing seems to be done to make the mining of it secure, the lives of the toilers easier.

The ingenuities of science adapted to speedy results are well paid for by the coal men; but, save in rare cases, there is no spur for those who seek to make life secure for the toilers in the shafts. Fire damps, flooded galleries, crumbling supports are manifestly regarded as major forces of nature that the cunning of man is incapable of contending with. And yet for more than a thousand years the salt mines of Bavaria have been worked farther into the bowels of the earth than any shafts known in this country, and the records show no accident involving human life. This, however, is not due so much to the more active philanthropy of the owners as to the precision of the laws and their zealous enforcement.

There are laws for the security of miners' lives in Pennsylvania, but they are little regarded. The men whose safety and comfort depend upon their enforcement are naturally the least able to get them applied. It might naturally be supposed that under a condition of things where the operators find it for their interest to cease mining three or four months every year the idle hands might be humanely employed in securing the shafts against such slaughters.—Harper's Weekly.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

Helen Starrett says of the co-operative housekeeping of the future: It will be adopted by all who need to live economically and desire to live well. It will not preclude the large establishments of the wealthy, who can afford to keep a corps of trained servants, and who wish to have their cooking done in their houses. It will disburden the home of the incubus of expense and care inseparable from the present system of the individual kitchen and the irresponsible servant.

It will enable the youthful lovers to marry on moderate incomes and set up at once a happy home of their own, even though the young wife has not had an opportunity to learn and consequently does not know how to do all kinds of kitchen work. She will probably never need to learn all the domestic arts her mother knew, just as she does not now need to know how to spin or weave or knit. Freed from the formerly harassing cares of kitchen and servant the housekeeper of the future will be able to become the ideal homekeeper, to give proper care to her children and herself without abandoning all the intellectual pursuits and social pleasures of her youth.

In Despotic Great Britain.

The movement for better hours and wages, although most advanced in London, has swept all over Great Britain. The miners, having secured concessions, are now determined to make the eight hour day a burning question, 300,000 men in the Miners' federation demanding the limitation by act of parliament. The trades councils in every town are being stirred into action by the socialistic leaven, and are inducing the town and county councils, school boards and other local bodies to pay trade union wages to their employes, and to refuse work to contractors who overwork or underpay their workmen.

The school board for London has done good work in this direction, while the London county council has given many of its employes the eight hour day, and keeps a sharp eye on contractors to prevent them subletting their work or doing it at less than union rates. This will be followed up by an attempt to supersede the contractor altogether, the council to do its own work, directly employing its own men.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Stuff and Nonsense.

Bellamy is accused of taking his book, "Looking Backward," from an old German author named Bebel, who wrote a novel on the same lines entitled "Women, Present and Future." Bellamy meets the charge with the statement that he cannot read German and never heard of Bebel.—Daily Paper.

Bellamy never said any such thing for he has certainly read the English translation of Bebel's book. And any one who has read "Bebel's Woman," as it is called, knows there is not the slightest suggestion in it of the doctrine laid down in "Looking Backward." Thus do newspapers generally "reflect the public mind."

What a sad thing it is that our society is so constituted that when people want enough wages to maintain themselves and their families decently they must form combinations and strike!—New York Standard.

Not New but Good.

The editor of The Andover Review looks at the eight hour question from a point of view differing from that usually taken. Discarding the economic consideration he considers it in a sociological light. The fewer hours may possibly mean less wages, but they bring advantages of more than compensating value. To the workman, this writer maintains, the new time is opportunity. It means a chance for mental culture, for social advance, for greater influence in all directions. The objection that the time gained may be spent in dissipation is dismissed as unworthy serious discussion. Experience has shown that where a small percentage misuse their opportunities the great majority know how to turn them to good account.

The general adoption of the eight hour day will result in elevating the mass of workmen from mere mechanical toilers to thinking workers. The opportunities for education, discussion and social intercourse will inevitably tend to make them better citizens and better workmen. They will gain in every way and the country will be the better for it. That is a point of view which should not be lost sight of by workmen or employers in considering the eight hour problem. It is not simply a question of work and wages, but one also of mental and social improvement. The workman will elevate himself in the social scale by reason of the increased opportunities which he will know how to turn to account, and he will not look down on his work because of his higher social grade. The work will gain dignity with the workman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Church and the Laborer.

One thing is very certain. There is a great deal of unrest, the present state of things is extremely unsatisfactory, not merely to the commonly called laboring men, but to men of thought, and to many above any fear of immediate want. And at this juncture it becomes a question what attitude the church ought to take with reference to these matters. It cannot stand aloof, for they touch things in which it is especially interested, the rights and happiness and prosperity of men and women.

The questions are largely social and moral, and the poor man wants the church to define its position. Even if he does not go to church he knows enough of its preaching and pretensions, enough of the spirit and teaching of its founder to know that it is bound to be against all oppression and injustice. In his mind there is more than a suspicion that it is feebly conservative, and is secretly and really in alliance with the wealthy, upon whom it must depend for material support, and so he scorns it as false to its principles and regards it as a thing for which he has no use.—Rev. John K. Allen, of Tarrytown, N. Y.

The Way They Do It in France.

It is only since 1884 that trades unions have been recognized by the French law, yet the chamber of deputies has now passed a bill which gives them a stronger legal position than they have ever claimed in England or America. This measure, which was carried by a majority of 347 to 150, prohibits, under penalty of imprisonment for one to three months and a fine of $20 to $400, any interference with the liberty of association by way of threats of dismissal or refusal to give work, collective discharge of unionist workmen or offers or promises of employ

The [illegible] of combination is made an essential [illegible] all citizens. The intimidation of union laborers by employers is made as dangerous as the intimidation of non-union laborers by the unionists. It seems singular that this radical legislation should have been enacted in a country where seven years ago trades unions were illegal and even the assembly of more than twenty persons without previous authorization was prohibited.—Christian Union.

Cigar Makers' International Union.

The completed report of the above union is out. Its financial features are of interest, inasmuch as the C. M. I. U. is one of the most successful labor organizations of the country. Jan. 1, this year, there was $285,136 on hand This money is in the possession of the several unions, but is really the property of all. During the year the expenditures were $246,242. Of this $59,519 went for sick benefits, $19,175 for death benefits, $43,540 for traveling expenses, $5,202 for strikes and $3,488 in defending the union label. In eleven years the union paid out $1,138,962, of which $426,493 was for strikes, $328,785 for the sick, $66,738 for funerals, and $306,944 for traveling members moving from place to place in search of work.

Los Angeles Co-operators.

The Laborers' Co-operative Construction company has taken a contract from the electric railway to remodel the entire system of tracks, poles and wires, and will no doubt do as well on this job as it did on the sewer contract which it has just finished. It now cheerfully dispenses with the middleman known as the contractor, and divides its profits among themselves. It goes without saying that they are all Nationalists and members of the Eighth Ward club, which is now holding open air meetings and doing immense good.—Los Angeles Weekly Nationalist.

The Spanish government is a hard master. It pays the workmen in the Almanden quicksilver mines, which yield an enormous revenue, only 20 cents per day, and owing to the deleterious nature of the work the strongest men can only labor two days in the week. After five or six years' work the miners become disabled altogether, when the government magnanimously gives them a license to beg.

A funny misapprehension exists as to the expression, "Go to the deuce." People generally suppose that "deuce" means "devil," whereas, as a matter of fact, it is derived directly from the Latin "Deus"—"God." So when any one tells you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND'S BOOK.

It Is Based on the Life History of Alexander Hamilton.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 30.—Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who is widely known by his nom de plume of "Gath," has just published a novel or romance which is causing considerable comment. It is based upon the political intrigue which was designed to ruin Alexander Hamilton while secretary of the treasury, and included in the plot the interesting and hitherto mysterious relations of Mrs. Reynolds to him. The story is one of the most exciting and dramatic in American history, and in his romance Mr. Townsend relies largely upon his own investigations, which appear to have been most exhaustive. The book is attracting the attention of scholars like John Hay, Professor Peck and others interested in history, and is, in addition, of extreme interest to the general lover of fiction.

Where Mr. Townsend finds the time to write this and the other romances which he has heretofore published is known only to himself, for he is one of the busiest and in some respects the most successful of American journalists. His daily "stent" of newspaper writing will average not less than 6,000 words, and he has kept this up for many years, and sometimes far exceeding this amount. He has been, too, one of the few journalists who have, in addition to providing daily support, amassed a competence, so that now, when he is in the vigor of his prime, he can look forward with assurance to a life of such independence as he chooses hereafter.

For many years Mr. Townsend has lived in New York, but some time ago he bought an estate in the neighborhood of Antietam or the South Mountain of Maryland, which he calls Gapland and which is a most romantic and beautiful spot. His house is a quaint structure, modeled after his own designs, large enough for a caravansary, and is filled with choice books, rare pictures and many interesting mementoes of his exciting and widely experienced life as a famous correspondent. Stretching back for some two miles his estate extends over the uplands and here, in that quiet and repose which he finds necessary to the best literary effort, Mr. Townsend purposes to devote his life more and more to literature and in the line already so delightfully developed by him in his historical romances.

The latest novel Mr. Townsend publishes himself. His son-in-law is a well known dealer in rare and curious books and he has his assistance in the publication. This rather unusual step is taken by Mr. Townsend mainly on account of experiences not fully satisfactory in the publication of his other novels. He has found, however, that the experiences of a publisher are [illegible] ones and that it is necessary to possess some militant spirit in order to place one's own book upon the market. That is a spirit which Mr. Townsend possesses, as was made evident some days ago, when, putting false pride aside, he took copies of his book under his arm and distributed them himself at the different book stalls in Washington.

"Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton" is distinguished by that singular analytical process of thought which characterizes all of Mr. Townsend's writings and is graced by his superior powers of narration and description. The book is sure to excite criticism because the intimation is plain that Jefferson aided if he did not conceive the conspiracy to ruin Hamilton's good name and by the contemptible means indicated in the story. Mr. Townsend's ardent sympathy with the old Federalists is manifested throughout the book, and his great admiration for Hamilton he glories in making evident. E. J. EDWARDS.

THE WORLD'S MANAGING EDITOR.

Col. Cockerill and the Way He Lives and Works.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 30.—Col. John A. Cockerill, who is virtually Joseph Pulitzer when the chief proprietor and editor of The New York World is abroad, probably has no equal as a resuscitator of semi-defunct newspapers. In St. Louis, in Cincinnati and in New York he waved his magic editorial wand, and from seemingly hopeless ruins there sprang up live newspapers and splendid fortunes.

Col. Cockerill can't help this. The humor of the star under which he was born was to provide him with some sort of talisman against defeat, and he seems to have worn it ever since. If you don't believe in the foolery of astrologers you may conclude that the fact that never in his life was Col. Cockerill tired, or indolent, or careless, or stupid, or discouraged accounts for his brilliant victories in a field full of strong competitors. If you should attempt to catch up with him on Park row as he is making for The World office at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, you would find that the pace stirred your blood. Your admiration for the physical man almost makes you forget his deeds of brain. You think of the perfectly trained and well groomed thoroughbred on his way to the racing track.

The colonel takes care of his stomach and his nerves and keeps his muscles in first class working trim. There is an impressive suggestion of vitality in the way he fills his lungs and swings his walking stick. You get the same impression when you see him cross over to the Astor house at 4 o'clock for lunch; and if you should see him striding toward the City Hall station of the Third avenue elevated road at 2 a. m., after looking over all the proofs and writing half a dozen news editorials, you would marvel at the physical buoyancy of a man just through the daily grind that plows such early furrows in the cheeks of other editors of metropolitan dailies.

The men who make The World have time to listen to the suggestions of the humblest newspaper worker that ever stumbled upon an idea. One instance of this will enable you to dip deep into the mystery of Col. Cockerill's grasp on the newspaper situation. I know he doesn't like being "written up," but that is the penalty for greatness prescribed in the statutes. One day a talented and persistent, but then unknown, newspaper writer from the west forced a mutual friend to introduce him, his object being to obtain employment.

The colonel was courteous, but bored, and celebrated the occasion by referring to the large number of idle persons looking for a chance to sit around in newspaper offices at large salaries while overworked editors skirmished about in search of something for them to do. The applicant thereupon casually suggested a novel and most attractive subject for a series of articles, and was giving the details of a skillfully prepared plan of action when Col. Cockerill suddenly rose from his desk, saying:

"No; you take my chair here and I'll go out and do this job."

The lucky applicant had sense enough not to presume on the good nature of so appreciative an editor, and from that on had all the work he could attend to.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

SOMETHING WRONG.

It Proved to Be His Duster and Promptly Gave It the Shake.

Yesterday forenoon a tall, slim [illegible] wearing a faded Greeley hat and wel[illegible] veloped in a linen duster of ancient [illegible] entered the Woodbridge street statio[illegible] said to the sergeant:

"I just came in on the train. Lo[illegible] me and see if I resemble Capt. Kid[illegible] Charlie Ross."

"I can't see that you do," replied th[illegible] geant.

"But people are all looking at me [illegible] grinning. Anything wrong in my dr[illegible]

"Well, that—that duster is a little[illegible] perhaps."

"Oh! it's the duster. People don't w[illegible] 'em any more, eh?"

"Not that style and color."

"I see. I'm a little ancient?"

"A trifle."

"Well, off she comes. I bought it in [illegible] town six years ago. The man warra[illegible] it to me as a combination of duster, [illegible] mock, flying jib, liver pad, bed bla[illegible] burglar alarm, life preserver and certi[illegible] of moral character, and it has pulle[illegible] through a steamboat explosion, two [illegible] road smashups, a hotel fire and half a d[illegible] free fights. Kinder hate to go back on [illegible] but style is style. If the style has cha[illegible] then I've got to change with it."

He pulled it off, rolled it into a bu[illegible] and laid it on a chair and said:

"Give it to some poor and disconso[illegible] man—some one who hasn't a sensitive [illegible] It has kept out the flies, warded off [illegible] moths and saved me from rattlesnakes [illegible] mad dogs, but the time has come whe[illegible] must part. When I strike Detroit and [illegible] a boy call out 'Is that thing alive?' I k[illegible] he means me and that duster. When [illegible] up street and a man calls out, 'Scho[illegible] ahoy!' I know he means that duster and [illegible] When I get into a car and see the w[illegible] look me over and then hitch away I k[illegible] they are wondering which of us is wh[illegible] whether it will bite or not. I'm too s[illegible] tive by half, but I can't help it. I leave her in your hands. Good-by."—Detroit Free Press.

A Cold Weather Story.

I have a story of cold weather which may serve instead of ice. It was the coldest day of last winter, and a trip across the Boston common was a short Arctic journey. Around a big fire in a Beacon street house were a jolly lot of young people, when to them entered one of the Hale boys—Edward Everett Hale's sons. Lawrence Steven's famous saying was under discussion: "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Yes, I know the saying," said young Hale, gravely, "and I've often thought of having a shorn lamb tethered out on the common near Park square, to try and make things just a little warmer there."—Chatter.

A Timely Job.

Old Gentleman—No, I can give you no money. I don't like to encourage idleness. Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—It's easy to say that, but it isn't so easy to get a job. I've been trying to get work all the year.

Old Gentleman—What kind of a job have you looked for?

Tramp—Winding an eight day clock.—Snacks.

He Knew by Experience.

Teacher—John, of what are your boots made?

Boy—Of leather, sir.

Teacher—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of the ox.

Teacher—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.—Chatter.

At the Annamite Theatre.

Here the female parts are performed by men in disguise. One evening the play was slow in commencing and the audience grew impatient. At length the manager advanced to the footlights and said: "I must ask the audience to excuse us a few minutes; the queen is not yet shaved!"—Gil Blas.

A Contented Client.

"I tell you what, Heymann, the lawyer is a cute fellow, and no mistake! I ought to know, for he lately defended my son."

"How's that? I thought your son had been sentenced?"

"Yes, but only for a twelvemonth!"—Kladderadatsch.

Posted in Navy Matters.

Clara—What do you think? That young naval cadet Sibmore sent me a "true lover's knot" in gold cord yesterday.

Maud (all sympathy)—What did you do?

Clara (scornfully)—Sent him back a scarf pin representing a pair of sister hooks.—Boston Post.

He Was Quite Hungry.

A lot of men were playing poker at Delmonico's the other night. The party got a little hungry and ordered some sandwiches. They came, a small but appetizing plate; also the bill, $14. Shortly afterward a quiet gentleman asked the waiter to pass him another sandwich. "All gone, sir," was the reply. The quiet gentleman beckoned to the waiter and said in a confidential way:

"All gone?"

"Yes, sir.

"Go down stairs and order some more."

"How many, sir?"

"Well," said the gentleman, thoughtfully glancing at the bill and the empty plate, "as I'm quite hungry I should say about $2,000 worth."—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Products of the Imagination.

Stranger (at restaurant reading from bill of fare)—Give me some chicken croquettes.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but there ain't none.

Stranger—Then give me some oyster patties.

Waiter—Extremely sorry, sir, but we have only roast beef, corned beef and stewed beef today.

Stranger—But where are all these things that I see on the bill of fare?

Waiter—They're on the bill of fare, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Only Reasonable.

Citizen—How is it that you are charging such tremendous prices for ice? I understand that there is plenty of it, after all.

Ice Dealer—Yes; but see how we had to worry about it all last winter, when we thought there would be none. You don't suppose we can worry like that and not charge for it?—Light.

Too Severe.

Wife—Wilbur, you haven't said a word about the biscuits. I made them all myself.

Husband—You are so forgetful, dear. Do you not remember that the doctor cautioned me to talk of nothing at the table, but things light and pleasing?—Yonkers Statesman.